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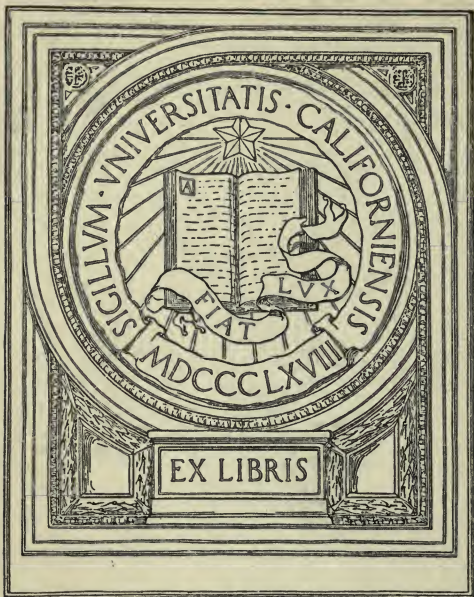
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HENRY TRIPP;
OR,
SHAKING THE CRAB TREE,
AND



**OTHER STORIES,
FOR THE YOUNG,**

By Mrs. Lovechild.

PHILADELPHIA:

HAYES & ZELL, PUBLISHERS,
193 MARKET STREET.



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FOR THE YOUNG.

BY MRS. LOVECHILD. *pseud.*

Eleanor Ferebee
" "

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193 MARKET STREET.

1856.

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GENERAL PRINCIPLES

OF THE THEORY OF THE

The first part of the work is devoted to a general survey of the subject, and to a discussion of the various theories which have been advanced. The second part is devoted to a detailed examination of the various theories, and to a comparison of their merits and demerits. The third part is devoted to a discussion of the various applications of the theory, and to a comparison of their merits and demerits. The fourth part is devoted to a discussion of the various applications of the theory, and to a comparison of their merits and demerits.

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HENRY TRIPP :
OR, SHAKING THE CRAB-TREE.

“Up in the morning early,
The birds are on the wing ;
The air is full of music sweet—
How merrily they sing.”



HERE was once a very pretty farm in Berkshire, called the Vale. It was really a delightful spot, and any one who was not desperately wicked might have been quite happy there. Nature seemed as if she had specially selected it for some

kindly-disposed person, and there was one of the kindest farmers in the world lived there. He was a comfortable-looking, rosy-faced man, with a most pleasing countenance ; and no one could talk to him or be in his company without feeling happy. He seemed to live and thrive upon the happiness of others, for when he saw them happy he was the more so himself, and life seemed very sweet to all who worked for him and with him.

He was industrious, and therefore he was prosperous ; he was prosperous, and therefore he was happy ; for his industry pro-

duced both health and comfort, and the means of doing good to others. But though God blessed his labours with plenty every year, and his barns were always well stored, and his stock abundant beyond that of most others farmers, yet he was frugal. He never wasted any thing, nor would he allow others to do so. He knew that though he had plenty, yet there were many thousands of persons to whom that which might be wasted would be a blessing; and if there was any spare milk, or any thing else not likely to be used in the farm-house, he always had it distributed to the deserving

poor who lived near him. And he was so wise in the distribution of his kindness! He did not give always to one poor person and never to another equally deserving, but he had it all shared amongst them in turns. He knew well where each poor person lived, for he often called to see those who were deserving, and he would tell the dairymaid to send down to any one (whose wants occurred to him) to say that there was something for them at the farm. By this means he prevented poor neighbours from becoming jealous of each other, and no one depended upon charity from the farm, instead

of working industriously, as they ought, for their living.

Now, it may perhaps appear to my little readers that it was all very easy for Farmer Tripp to be kind and good-natured because he had plenty ; but they must not conclude that having plenty always includes a goodwill towards our fellow creatures, and a desire to benefit them.

Oh, no ! There are very many persons who have more thousands of dollars than they know what to do with, and yet they never think of the poor ; they are so comfortable themselves that they think no one

else wants. But I think I hear some of my little readers say, "What a pity it is Farmer Tripp had no little boys and girls; for they must have been very happy children, and their mother must have been a happy mother to know that they had so kind a father!" But I will at once ease their fears in this respect, by telling them that there was a Mrs. Tripp, and there were also two sons and one daughter, and, as might be expected, they were very happy. Now I have told you that Farmer Tripp was prosperous and happy, and I will also tell you, that when once a man

has become settled in the world, he seldom fails, unless from some fault of his own, or from some unforeseen and serious misfortune, and that was not the case with Farmer Tripp. So we will see how the two sons got on, that you, my little friends, may take a lesson from their life.

Harry and John were the names of these two sons. Harry was the eldest, and he was of a good-natured disposition, and did no harm to any one; but then he did very little, if any, good, and he scarcely ever thought of being kind or attentive to his parents, or to any one else, unless John put

him in mind of it by setting him an example. Harry had nothing vicious or unkind about him ; but he seemed too comfortable himself, like the rich persons I have mentioned before, to think much of the happiness of others. But it was a very united family, though there was this defect in Harry's character ; and Farmer Tripp took great pains with his sons. He set them a good example, which is a very important thing, and he also told them that they must be industrious while they were young ; for he should not always be with them to watch over their welfare. He gave certain

parts of the farm in charge by turns to each; sometimes one had the barns and work of the homestead, as it is called, and the other, the out-of-door work, and so they changed about. They had been to school, and were possessed of a good plain education, which was suited to the state of life in which they were placed, and they were in every way prepared to make progress in the world.

Well, years went on in this way, and at last Farmer Tripp died, much to the regret of every one who knew him. He died rich, and divided his property amongst his

family in such a way that all were satisfied. He left all the property at the farm to Harry, and to John he left a sum of money sufficient for him to begin farming; and they were bound by their father's will to allow their mother and sister enough to maintain them in the same comfort they had enjoyed when their father was alive.

They had a fair and even start in the world with equal means, and any one would have thought that each would become as wealthy and as much beloved as their father had been; but we shall see that it is possible for well directed people to go wrong.

John, with the money his father had left him, took a good farm in the same county, which he cultivated with great care and skill; and he met with the same success, and the same affectionate regard from all who knew him that his father had done. He was now a man, and had little children of his own; but his friends, and all those who knew him, always called him *Master John*, because they had been so long used to call him so.

All was peace and prosperity; and all things went on with him as well as he, and his best friends could wish: so

he had reason to be satisfied, and he was so.

We will now take a peep at Harry and his affairs, and see how he got on.

Every thing at the Vale went on for some time much in the same way it had done during old Farmer Tripp's time. All were accustomed to the ways of their former master, and they felt that those ways were right; for they had made every one happy. We have said, however, that Harry (I suppose we must now call him Mr. Harry) was of an easy disposition, and easy dispositions do not always obtain suc-

cess. It is a difficult thing for any one to know how to conduct himself under the sudden possession of wealth, and so Mr. Harry Tripp found it.

When he became his own master, as it is sometimes called, he of course felt that he had no longer the restraint of a father over him, and he thought he might indulge himself a little by joining in the pursuits of his rich neighbours. He now and then went out with them fox-hunting, or stag-hunting, and after fox-hunting came hunting dinners, and hunting dinners brought late hours, and late hours did not bring

early rising, so Mr. Harry Tripp was often in bed when every one else was at work.

Now he might have done these things once now and then, and no ill perhaps would have come of it; but it is very difficult to fix a boundary to such pleasures, and he indulged in them very freely.

Then, after a while, it became known pretty well in the farm that Mr. Harry Tripp did not rise very early, and his example was not lost upon his servants. They thought he was what is called a jolly fellow, and they indulged themselves late at the ale-house, in drinking and talking about

the hunting abilities of their master—how well he could leap over a hedge or a ditch, how certain he was always to come in at the death of the fox or the stag, and such like conversation, till it was very late; and late hours did not make them rise early any more than their master; but they felt no fear, for their master was sure to be in bed till eight o'clock, and there was plenty of time between four o'clock (the time when they should have been up) and eight, and it was very often much nearer eight than four when the business of the farm commenced.

Well, Mr. Harry Tripp did not see any of these goings on; but he severely felt them in the end, as we shall see.

About ten years after the death of old Farmer Tripp, it was talked about the neighbourhood that Mr. Harry Tripp's affairs were all going wrong. The family were not so respectably dressed as they used to be, and every thing about the farm looked poor. At last it was reported that Mr. Harry Tripp wanted to borrow money, which astonished some, but made others shake their heads, as if to say, "I expected it would be so." He had tried all his hunt-

ing friends, but they were much more ready to give him an excuse than to lend him money; so he was at last driven to ask his brother.

John Tripp had become, as we have read in the early part of this story, a rich man for a farmer, and a few hundreds, or even thousands of pounds were always at his command for a good purpose. But he had watched his brother's ways for some time with sorrow, and he met him on such an occasion as that of borrowing money with much grief.

Three hundred pounds was the sum Mr.

Harry Tripp wanted to borrow, and when he had told all the supposed causes of his misfortunes, he expressed his hope that his brother would save him from that ruin which must follow if he refused.

Mr. John listened attentively, and with many kind feelings, and at last addressed his brother thus:—"Harry," said he, "trouble will come upon some of us when we do not expect it, and if there can be any consolation in such a case, it is the conviction that we could not have prevented it. I do not know whether you have felt that conviction; I hope you have. But I

will tell you what I will do for you. I will not *lend* you what you ask, but I will GIVE you three hundred pounds at the end of a month from this time if you will go and shake the old crab-tree, which grows at the farthest end of your farm, every morning, at four o'clock, during the ensuing month."

Harry's heart, which was very sad when he first met his brother, now bounded with joy, and such joy as he had not felt for a long time. He was filled with astonishment that John should be so unexpectedly kind, and he promised most earnestly to

shake the crab tree to pieces if that would please him.

The brothers then parted, and Mr. Harry Tripp wondered, as he travelled along the road home, what could be his brother's object in making so strange a request, and he at last decided it was a whim. He, however, went home well pleased, and that night went to bed early.

Now Mr. Harry Tripp was a sensible man, and knew very well how farming business should be conducted, and it was not ignorance, but negligence that occasioned his troubles. He awoke next morn-

ing and dressed himself, but on going down stairs he found that it was past six o'clock. He felt very much vexed that he had overslept himself, but thought that as every one was so still in the house that the clock was wrong; so he called for Sally, the house servant, to ask her whether the clock was right; but Sally was soundly asleep. He then called Betty, the dairy-maid; but Betty was asleep too. He next called Tom, who looked after the horses, but Tom was asleep also. He then felt sure that the clock was wrong; so he went into the high road, and ventured to ask a stranger

passing by, who told him it was nearly seven o'clock.

Mr. Harry returned pretty quickly to the house, and gave them all proof that he at least was up. All excused themselves on account of over sleeping, and wondered what accident had made their master get up so *very* early, and all passed off amidst his scoldings and angry looks. That evening Farmer Tripp again went to bed bent on fulfilling his promise about the crab-tree. When he awoke, however, and went down stairs, he found that it was past five o'clock, and again he was angry with him-

self. He, however, walked out into the farm-yard, and in walking round the buildings observed that none of his servants were at their work ; but he saw a strange man coming out of his barn with a sack of wheat on his back ; and on Mr. Harry asking where he was going to with it, he said, “ no where ;” and, throwing it down violently against Mr. Tripp, laid him prostrate on the ground, and made his escape.

Long did the farmer wait for his servants to appear. One by one they dropped in, each one as much astonished at the sight of

his master as if he had been an apparition, but all prepared with a plausible excuse.

It was many days before Farmer Tripp could get up so early as four o'clock, but he always found some reward for his early rising, by detecting the evil doings of his servants. One morning he found a valuable cow in the barn, eating new wheat, which might have killed her, and there was no one at hand to prevent her. Another morning he found a man quietly driving away several sheep into an adjoining wood, which he meant to steal. Many, very many, were the rewards of this sort

which he met with, each morning that he went forth.

The report now went about that Farmer Tripp had become a reformed man, and that good must come of it. His neighbours welcomed him, and those who had before refused to trust him, now showed no reluctance. He saw clearly what his brother's scheme was in telling him to shake the old crab-tree at four o'clock in the morning. He persevered in his task, though conviction had soon come upon him forcibly, and at the end of the month how delighted was he to see his brother

John ride up to the door to fulfil his promise as faithfully as Harry had performed his strange commission.

It was a gentle, but effective reproof, and one that did credit both to John's head and heart; and it caused a warm attachment between the brothers, which lasted as long as they lived.



THE GENEROUS KNIFE-GRINDER.



ANTHONY BONAFOX,
aged forty years, a native of the department of Cantal in France, exercised in Paris the trade of a knife-grinder, and

lodged in the same house with a poor widow, Mrs. Drouillant, who was sixty years of age.

Numerous testimonials witnessed the merit and misfortunes of this woman. She had had twelve children, and had brought them

all up respectably. There remained to her but one, a boy of twelve years old when her husband died.

This unfortunate event reduced her to absolute want and deprived her of the means of giving an education and a trade to her son. The knife-grinder, who had no means of support but the product of his daily labours, was touched with the misfortunes of the mother and the destitute condition of the son. He began by giving them some assistance, which the widow gratefully acknowledged.

Soon after the widow had an attack of

paralysis ; Bonafox opposed the proposition to convey her to the hospital, and made sacrifices to enable her to remain and receive medical treatment at home.

Her son was bound apprentice to a stove-maker. The worthy knife-grinder furnished what was necessary for his support and bought his clothes. The second attack of paralysis fell still more heavily upon the widow ; she was deprived of the use of one of her arms, and could not walk without a crutch. This new misfortune only stimulated still more the zeal and benevolence of Bonafox. He made still greater

sacrifices to assist her and her son, who was thus enabled to complete the term of his apprenticeship. This long-continued and touching benevolence of a man in the humblest walk of life is worthy to be proposed as an example to those who enjoy more extensive means of rendering assistance to the unfortunate.



THE BARON DU MOLEY.



BARON DU MOLEY

auditor to the French council of state, was appointed in 1810 to the office of prefect of Cote d'Or. In the

prime of life he was enjoying a prosperous fortune in the society of a charming family, and surrounded by a circle of attached friends.

In 1812 a party of Spanish prisoners

were sent to Dijon, where the typhus fever was raging. It was the duty of the prefect of Cote d'Or to provide against the danger of contagion. In this he was not found wanting. Bedding, medical attendance, and personal services, were cheerfully afforded. Scarcely, however, were the sick installed in their asylum when the fever redoubled its ravages ; and soon after a new misfortune came upon them. A fire breaking out in the neighbourhood soon spread to the quarters of the sick. It became necessary to remove them without the least delay. In vain did the prefect demand as-

sistance for this purpose. The exertion of authority and the offer of a splendid reward, were equally unavailing. Not one of the crowd of people present would brave the united danger of fire and contagion. Even the hospital attendants shrunk aghast from so perilous an office. Then it was that the heroic prefect himself threw off his coat, sprang into the building, and bore forth the sick in his own arms. His secretary was the only person who durst follow his noble example.

This was about the 24th of March, 1812. The same evening the prefect was seized

with the typhus fever ; and on the first of April he fell a victim to his own disinterestedness, expiring in the midst of his grief-stricken family. This worthy magistrate died like a Christian hero, faithful to the lessons of virtue early inculcated on his mind by a pious and affectionate mother.



HEROISM OF JOSEPH IGNACE.



STANDING on the banks of the Seille, in Lorraine, (France,) there is a little village called Vic, which is almost unknown to the rest of the world, being several leagues from Nancy. The river runs through the street, and is generally so shallow as to be fordable in some places, but after a heavy rain, it will rise rapidly and do a great deal of mischief.

In this village lived a man who seemed to have been placed there expressly by Providence, for the succour of the inhabitants in times of distress. Joseph Ignace, called Naxi, was a simple boatman, and at times a hat maker; he had before been a soldier.

So much was he in the habit of lending his assistance to those who were in danger from the sudden rise of the waters, that he came to be considered as their guardian. If any accident happened, the first idea which arose, was to send for Joseph Ignace. People had but to say "If Joseph were only

here," and Joseph was on the spot. He would leave his work, his shop, his dinner table, or his bed, at any moment, summer or winter, when his assistance was needed.

He began this course of disinterested goodness at an early age—at eleven years old he rescued a man from imminent danger.

Many of his generous deeds are recounted and well attested by the inhabitants of Vic.

He saved a man named Louis Paulhin, who fell into the Seille while fishing; a saddler, Nicholas Chaussier, who also fell in; a soldier on horseback, some labourers

in a boat, two bathers, a crazy man, an old woman, and a child of three years old.

This child fell in the river from a bridge. Two of the inhabitants jumped in after it, but not knowing how to swim, were of no avail. The child floated on till it approached a rapid and dangerous part of the stream. They ran to Joseph Ignace; he was sick, but in spite of the entreaties of his wife, who, with tears in her eyes, implored him not to risk his health, "I must save the child," cried he, and he did save it, and restored it to its parents.

The river Seille, swollen by heavy rains,

overflowed both its banks, covering the streets, and rising several feet in the houses. This day was one of triumph to Joseph Ignace, whose assistance was implored on all sides. Entire families owed their deliverance to him alone. He remained in the water from six in the morning until night, a period of eleven hours, during which he saved nineteen persons.

If we lived in the time when a crown of oak was given for every life saved, Joseph Ignace would, to our certain knowledge, have thirty-two to hang up in his house.

A natural impulse leads us to endeavour.

to rescue the drowning, but when this becomes a habit, it ceases to be an impulse of courage or humanity, and is indeed a virtue.

The academy betowed a prize for virtuous actions upon Joseph Ignace.



THE BOATMAN.



T Marseilles, a young man named Robert was waiting one day in the port for some one to engage his services as a boatman.

An unknown person at length placed himself in the boat: but a moment after he prepared to leave it, notwithstanding the presence of Robert, whom he did not suspect to be the proprietor of it. He said,

that since the conductor of the boat did not appear, he was about to enter another.

“Sir,” said the young man to him, “this is mine—do you wish to leave the harbour?”

“No; because daylight will be over in an hour. I only wished to take a few turns on the water, to profit by the beauty and freshness of the evening. But you do not look like a sailor, and you have not the manners of a man in that condition.”

“I am not one in reality; it is only in order to make money that I adopt this trade on Sundays and holidays——”

“What! avaricious at your age? That

trait disgraces your youth, and diminishes the interest which your happy physiognomy inspires.”

“Ah, sir, if you knew why I am so anxious to amass money, you would not add to my grief, by attributing to me so vile a character.”

“I may have wronged you ; but you have not explained yourself at all. Let us take a few turns, and you can relate your history to me.”

The unknown sits down. “Well,” said he, “tell me your griefs ; you have disposed me to take part in them.”

“I have but one,” said the young man, “that of having a father in chains, without being able to release him. He was a weaver in this city ; he procured for himself, by his trade, and my mother’s industry at making dresses, an interest in a vessel, which he loaded for Smyrna. He wished to be present himself at the unloading and exchange of his merchandise, and make his own choice of the return cargo. The vessel was taken by a Barbary corsair, and conducted to Tetuan, where my unhappy father is in slavery, with the rest of the ship’s company. Two thousand crowns

are necessary for his ransom ; but as he had exhausted all his money, in order to make his enterprise more important and profitable, we are very far from having that sum. However, my mother and sisters work night and day ; I do the same at my master's as a jeweller, which trade I have adopted ; and I also try to make some profit as you see, on Sundays and holidays. We are economical even in the most necessary things ; one small room is our whole dwelling-place. I thought at first of going to take my father's place, and of delivering him by loading myself with his irons. I was

on the point of putting this design into practice, when my mother, who was informed of it, (I know not how,) assured me that the idea was as impracticable as visionary, and forbade all the Eastern captains to take me on board."

"Do you ever receive any information about your father? Do you know who is his master at Tetuan, and what treatment he receives?"

"His master is the overseer of the king's gardens. He is humanely treated, and his work is not above his strength; but we are not with him to console him, and to

lighten his captivity. He is far from us, from a cherished wife, and from three children, whom he always loved with tenderness."

"What is he called at Tetuan ?

"He has not changed his name. He is called Robert, as at Marseilles."

"Robert at the overseer's of the king's garden ?"

"Yes sir."

"Your misfortunes touch me ; your filial affection merits, and I dare to prophecy, a better fate, which I sincerely wish you. While enjoying this gentle breeze, my

friend, do not think it hard that I am so tranquil about it."

When night came, Robert was ordered to land ; and as the unknown left the boat, he placed a purse in his hands, and, without giving him time to thank him, went hastily away. In this purse were eight double louis d'ors, and ten half crowns in silver. Such generosity gave the young man the highest opinion of him who was capable of it. In vain he endeavoured to find and thank him.

Six weeks after this event, this honest family, who continued to work without

relaxation, in order to complete the sum they needed, were eating a frugal dinner, composed of bread and dried almonds, when they saw Robert, the father, enter. What was the astonishment of his wife and children, what their transports of joy, can easily be imagined. The good Robert throws himself into their arms, and exhausts himself in thanks for the fifty louis that were counted out to him when he embarked in the vessel at Tetuan, in which his passage was paid for in advance, and for the clothes with which he was furnished.

He does not know how to be grateful enough for such zeal and love.

A new surprise astonished this family: they looked at each other. The mother was the first to break the silence. She imagines that it is her son who had done all this. She relates to his father how, ever since the beginning of his slavery, he had wished to take his place, and how she had prevented it. Six thousand francs were necessary for his ransom. "We have," continued she, "a little more than half of it; of which the best part is the fruit of his work. He must have found friends

who have aided him." Suddenly silent and thoughtful, the father becomes alarmed. Then addressing his son, "Unfortunate creature, what have you done? How can I owe my deliverance to you without regretting it? How can it be a secret from your mother, if obtained virtuously? At your age, son of an unfortunate man, of a slave! the resources which you have used were not honestly procured. I shudder to think that filial love may have made you culpable. Tell me the whole truth; and let us die, if you have ceased to be honest."

"Be tranquil, father," answered the

young man, embracing him ; “ your son is not unworthy of that title ; nor happy enough to have proved to you how dear you are to him. I know our benefactor. Do you remember, mother, the unknown, who gave me the purse ? He asked me a great many questions. I will pass my life in seeking him out. I will find him and he shall come to enjoy the sight of the effect of his beneficence.” He then related to his father the anecdote of the unknown, and reassured him on the ground of his fears.

Returned to his family, Robert found

friends and assistance. His most sanguine expectations were realized. At the end of two years he had acquired a comfortable living. His children, whom he had established, shared their happiness with him and his wife; and his enjoyment would have been without alloy if the continual researches of his son had been able to discover where their benefactor, who eluded the gratitude, and their wishes, was. He at last meets him one Sunday morning walking alone near the beach. "Ah! my guardian angel!" It was all he could utter

while throwing himself at his feet, where he fell senseless.

The unknown hastened to aid him, and ask the cause of his condition. "What sir, can you be ignorant of it? Have you forgotten Robert and his unfortunate family, whom you awakened to life by restoring the father?"

"You mistake me, my friend; I do not know you; you cannot know me, a stranger at Marseilles; I have only been here a few days."

"All that may be true; but do you not remember being here twenty-six months

ago? Do you not remember the promenade on the beach, the interest you took in my misfortunes, the numerous questions you asked me to enlighten you, and give you the information necessary for your becoming our benefactor? My father's liberator, can you forget that you are the saviour of his entire family, who desire nothing more than your presence. Do not refuse their wishes, but come and see the happy persons you have made. Come!"

"My friend, I assure you, you are mistaken."

"No sir, I do not mistake you at

all. Your features are too deeply engraved for me ever to be deceived. Come, for pity's sake !” At the same time, he took him by the arm and dragged him along with a kind of violence. A multitude of people assembled round them. Then the unknown, in a grave and firm tone said, “Sir, this scene begins to be fatiguing. What resemblance has occasioned your error? Recall your senses, and return to your family to enjoy the tranquillity which you appear to have received.”

“What cruelty,” cried the young Robert ;
“the benefactor of this family, why change,

by your resistance, the happiness it owes only to you? Do I remain in vain at your feet? Will you be so inflexible as to refuse the tribute which we have reserved so long for your kindness? And you who are present, you whom the trouble and disorder in which you see me, ought to touch, unite with me in supplicating the author of my happiness to come and contemplate with me his own work."

At these words, the unknown appears to struggle with his feelings; but then calling together all his strength and all his courage, to resist the seduction of the sweet

enjoyment offered him, he escapes like an arrow in the midst of the crowd, and disappears in an instant.

This unknown would have remained so to this day, if his business acquaintances, having found among his papers after the death of their owner, a bill of six hundred thousand livres, sent to Mr. Main, at Cadiz, had not asked an account of this from curiosity, since the paper was torn and crumpled like those intended to be burnt. The famous banker answered, that he had used it to deliver a native of Marseilles, called Robert, a slave at Tetuan, according to the

orders of Charles of Secondat, Baron of Montesquieu. It is known that Montesquieu loved to travel, and that he often visited his sister, Madame d'Henricourt, married at Versailles.



JOHN HOWARD.



ORN to a liberal fortune, and with every inducement around him to a life of pleasure or of study, according to his fancy, this extraordinary man, while still young, abandoned these pursuits, and spent his life in succouring those who were imprisoned.

He himself had known the horrors of captivity. On his way to Lisbon, the *Hanover* was attacked by a French corsair,

and the crew obliged to undergo fearful sufferings. Still later, in his capacity of high sheriff of Bedford, his duties required continual attendance in the prisons committed to his charge. He beheld a number of people heaped together in a narrow, dark, and unhealthy room, dying under the influence of a contagious disease, called the jail fever.

He saw some of them in a state of intoxication and vice, deprived of all moral or religious aid. At this spectacle his soul was touched, and his vocation manifested itself. He went over the other English

prisons, making an assiduous and judicious investigation of the treatment of the prisoners. Every where he witnessed the same evils. He wrote an account, which he presented to the government, wherein he said—

“In condemning the criminal to irons, you have intended to reform him, in punishing him ; not to render him worse. What is the punishment inflicted by you on those whom you pretend to think still innocent, on debtors, on young men, and on mere children, whom you bring up in crime ?” His statement was heard, and thanks voted

to this generous man, and better still, two bills were passed for the commencement of the improvement suggested by him.

Howard did not stop here. From a patriotic movement, he proceeded to one of humanity. He left his country, his family, his estate, renounced his habits, and explored the world, a voluntary and generous missionary of public benevolence, bearing with him consolation and assistance for the suffering, advice to those in authority, and the treasure of experience to those who wished to imitate his example. Let us hear his own words, when, after again visiting

the London prisons, he proposed a bill, the principal part of which was granted him.

“ At the time of my first visits to prisons, where the jail fever prevailed, I was always told that it was brought from those of London. In what London prison does there exist a proper separation between the prisoners, between the young and those hardened in vice, between the accused and the condemned? Where do we behold solitary cells in which the guilty may be left to reflection? Where are the ill and the dying tended as they should be? Where are there regulations for the conduct of

jailers, and the treatment of those awaiting their trial? In what prison do we not hear oaths, not only from the prisoners but from the turnkeys? Where is Sunday regarded? and although jailers have been forbidden to provide the prisoners with drink, yet are there not venders of liquor habitually brought inside the prison walls, and allowed to sell to them? In the last fourteen years, how many prisoners and jailers have perished from the effects of drunkenness? How many, who, before being admitted in either capacity into a prison, were men of temperate habits?"

“If I have been able,” says he, “to denounce some of these evils, to point out their causes, and their remedies, I owe it to a scrupulous and continual attention, which has supplied the want of talent in me. I hand over to my country the result of my past labours. My intention is to leave here now for Russia, Turkey, and some other countries, going as far as the Levant. I know that I shall incur dangers, but I trust to Providence, who has hitherto preserved me, and I abandon myself joyfully to the decrees of his infallible wisdom. If it is his pleasure to cut the thread

of my life, during my absence, I beg those whom I am now leaving, not to impute my conduct to a rash enthusiasm, but to its true motives, to a firm conviction of duty, and a sincere desire to be more useful to my fellow-creatures, than I could ever have been in the retirement of private life.”

Independently of his repeated excursions to various parts of Great Britain, he crossed the ocean at least five times, to visit by turns, France, Germany, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Poland, Russia, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Turkey; and this time after time, in order to see the fruit of his

former instructions and to communicate new ones.

So deeply interested in the sufferings of the condemned criminal, he felt a still greater commiseration for those of old age and childhood in poverty, to be met with in various charitable asylums. Howard neglected none of these ; he approached the bed of sickness, entering into conversation with the overseers and those under them in such establishments.

The most fearful evils were those to which his most attentive investigation was directed. At Constantinople, in the Levant,

he was seen in the midst of the plague-stricken populace. Studying the construction and arrangements of the lazarettos, where the creatures were shut up to guard against infection, nothing escaped him—situation, interior, distribution of rooms, &c., circulation of air, access of light, clothing, nourishment, cleanliness, discipline, &c. &c., and religious exercises, all interested him. His medical knowledge assisted him in directing the treatment of the sick, and proposing ameliorations.

In 1789 Howard visited Russia again, and was seen in Moscow, where more than

seventy thousand had been taken to the hospital the year before.

“I hope,” said he, in one of his letters, “to carry the torch of philanthropy into these distant countries.” He learned that Crimea was desolated by cruel epidemics, that succour was needed, that men were perishing in vast numbers; he hurried to Witosoka, to Cherson, and to Saint Nicholas. A fearful spectacle offered itself to his eyes; he watched by the bedside of the infected, and himself fell a victim to it, on the 20th of January, 1790.

The last words written by him, in his

journal, were the following:—"I am a stranger here, and a pilgrim, but I hope, by the grace of God, to be one day in a country inhabited by my parents and the friends of my youth; I hope to rejoin these souls, and to be for ever with my God."

So generous to others, his private habits were austere; he made use of neither meat, nor wine, living upon bread, fruit, potatoes, butter, and tea. He avoided places of public amusement and company; "I find," said he, "more pleasure in doing my duty, than in any worldly amusements." A holy indignation against the difficulties

he met with, often expressed itself in his conversation. The Emperor Joseph II. received from his lips some severe truths, on the subject of the hospitals and prisons in Vienna. The cause of misfortune was never pleaded with more persuasive eloquence.

A subscription was made in England, for the purpose of erecting a statue. When this came to his knowledge, he wrote to those who had set it on foot, to have the proposal withdrawn, for it was one that displeased him. The monument in Saint Paul's church was raised to him after his

death. Another was raised to him in Crimea. The illustrious orator Burke, delivered a beautiful improvisation to his honour; but his noblest monument remains in his great work.



THE TRUANT.



THE boy that you see in the picture has been playing truant. His mother has a great deal of trouble with him. She is poor, and has to work for her living, and her husband is dead ; so that she has not much time to watch her bad son. Instead of pitying his poor mother, this boy does all he can to vex her ; and when he is in the street, he says many bad words, and talks about be-

coming a great robber when he becomes a man. One day she dressed him nicely, gave him his breakfast, and sent him to school, telling him not to stop or he would be late. Then she sat down to sew, while her little girl played near her with a doll. By and by some one came and told her that her boy was playing in the street. She had to leave her work, and go out and hunt a long while before she could find him. When she saw him it brought tears to her eyes. He was playing with some ragged boys; his clothes, which she had fixed so nice, were dirtied and torn, and he

had lost his hat. He tried to run away, but she brought him home and would not send him to school any more that week. It will be a long while before she can buy him another nice hat, or fix his clothes as nice as they were before. How wicked he was to use his poor mother so ill ; I am afraid he will come to some bad end.



PRESERVATION OF TWO BROTHERS.



ABOUT the 14th of August, 1652, a dog came to the house of Toxen, in the parish of Gulbrandsal in Norway, howling and moaning, and in the most famished condition. It was immediately recognized to be the faithful attendant of two brothers, named Olave and Andrew Engelbrechtsen, who had fourteen days before set out from Toxen, the

place of their nativity, on a hunting excursion among the high mountains which separate Gulbrandsal from the province of Valdres. From the grief which the poor animal displayed, the friends of the Engelbrechtsens naturally concluded that some misfortune had befallen them. A man was therefore immediately despatched to the mountains in quest of the wanderers. Two days he roamed about without discovering any trace of them ; but on the third, arriving at the Lake of Ref, he found an empty skiff on its banks, in which he rowed to a very small islet in the midst of

it, and there he saw some garments lying, which he knew to belong to the brothers. On looking around, however, he saw no trace of any human being; and the island being so small, (only sixteen paces long, and eight broad) that the whole surface could be comprehended within one glance, he concluded that the young men had not been there for a considerable time, and returned to Toxen with intelligence that they were probably drowned.

The very day after, however, some hunters on horseback, happening to arrive on the banks of Lake Ref, were surprised

by the cries, faint yet distinct, of some person on the little islet. They leaped into the skiff which lay on the beach, and on reaching the islet, found the two brothers there, reduced to the last stage of human wretchedness. They were immediately conveyed ashore, and home.

When able to give an account of their adventures, the brothers related, that, as they were on their return home from their hunting excursion, they first rowed to the islet in Lake Ref, in order to take up a net which they had set there. Whilst lingering there, a sudden storm arose at east,

the violence of which caused the skiff to break loose, and drive to the opposite shore.

As neither of the brothers could swim, they saw themselves thus exposed to the danger of perishing by hunger, for the islet was altogether barren ; and they had besides to endure all the hardships of the weather, which even in the month of August, was, in the climate of Norway, inclement, more especially during the night. The account they gave of the manner in which they subsisted on some herbs providentially raised up to them, is so piously

marvellous, that the only conclusion we can draw from it is, that they were preserved by Providence in a way which they had not sense enough left to describe. It appears that they had built a little hut of stones, sufficient to lie down in, yet not of elevation enough to attract the notice of a superficial observer ; and under this they had escaped the vigilance of the messenger who was sent in search of them. On the twelfth day of their seclusion, both the brothers having given themselves up to despair, Andrew, the younger, with what remains of strength he possessed, cut out on

some pieces of timber, most exposed to view, a concise relation of their unhappy fate; and the text on which he desired their funeral sermon might be preached, from Psalm lxxiii v. 23, 27.

“23. Nevertheless, I am always by thee: for thou hast holden me by my right hand.”

“27. For lo, they that forsake thee shall perish.”

After this, the brothers mutually encouraged each other in the hope of eternal felicity, to patience and perseverance in faith; and totally despairing of all temporal relief,

as their sole support had failed, recommended themselves to God.

When unexpectedly restored to hopes of life, the elder brother could eat very little of the food offered to him; and the little he did take threw him into such a state of sickness, that he was confined for eight days to bed. He survived his perilous situation, however, thirty-seven years. The younger brother suffered less inconvenience, and in the year 1691, drew up an account of the case of both.

THE CALIPH RECLAIMED.



HAKKAM, the son and successor of Abdoubrahman III., wanting to enlarge his palace, proposed to purchase from a poor woman a piece of ground that lay contiguous to it; and when she could not be prevailed on to part with the inheritance of her ancestors, Hakkam's officers took by force what they could not otherwise obtain. The poor woman applied to Ibn-

Bechir, the chief magistrate of Corduba, for justice. The case was delicate and dangerous, and Bechir concluded that the ordinary methods of proceeding would be ineffectual, if not fatal. He mounted his ass, and taking a large sack with him, rode to the palace of the caliph. The prince happened to be sitting in a pavilion that had been erected in the poor woman's garden. Bechir, with his sack in his hand, advanced towards him, and after prostrating himself, desired the caliph would permit him to fill his sack with earth in that garden. Hakkam showed some surprise at his

appearance and request, but allowed him to fill his sack. When this was done the magistrate entreated the prince to assist him in laying the burden on his ass. This extraordinary request surprised Hakkam still more; but he only told the judge it was too heavy, he could not bear it. "Yet this sack," replied Bechir, with a noble assurance, "this sack, which you think too heavy to bear, contains but a small portion of that ground which you took by violence from the right owner. How then will you be able at the day of judgment to support the weight of the whole?" The remon-

strance was effectual; and Hakkam without delay restored the ground, with the buildings upon it, to the former proprietor.



THE BOSTON BOYS.



THE British troops which were sent to Boston, to keep that rebellious town in order, were every where received with the most unequivocal marks of anger and detestation.

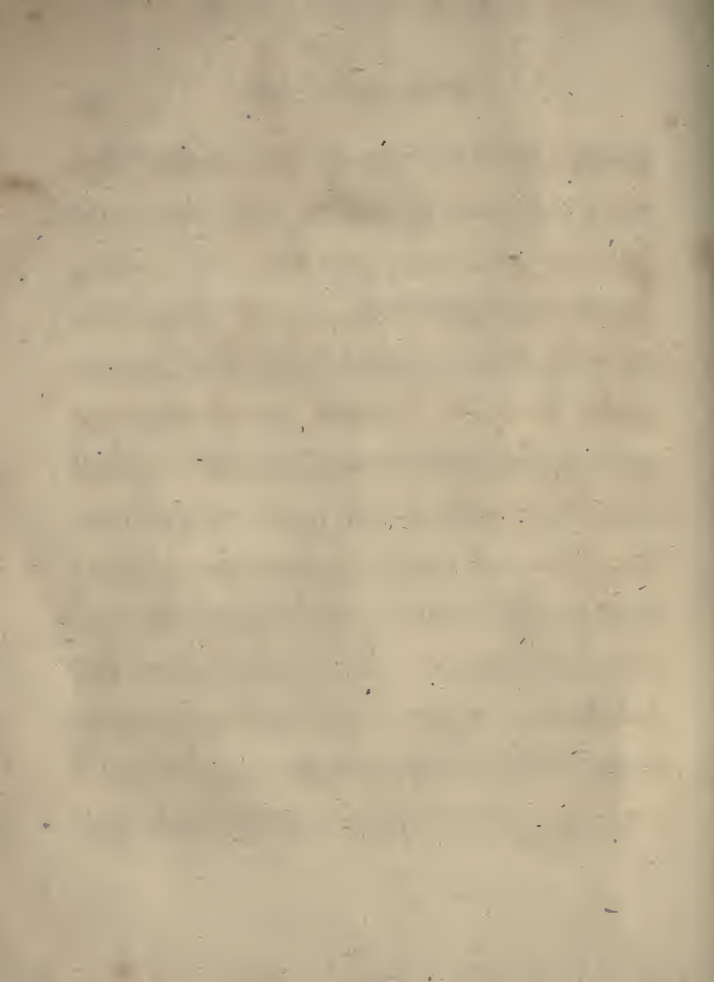
The insolence and indiscretion of some subaltern officers increased the ill will of the citizens ; and vexations and quarrels multiplied daily. At this period of public

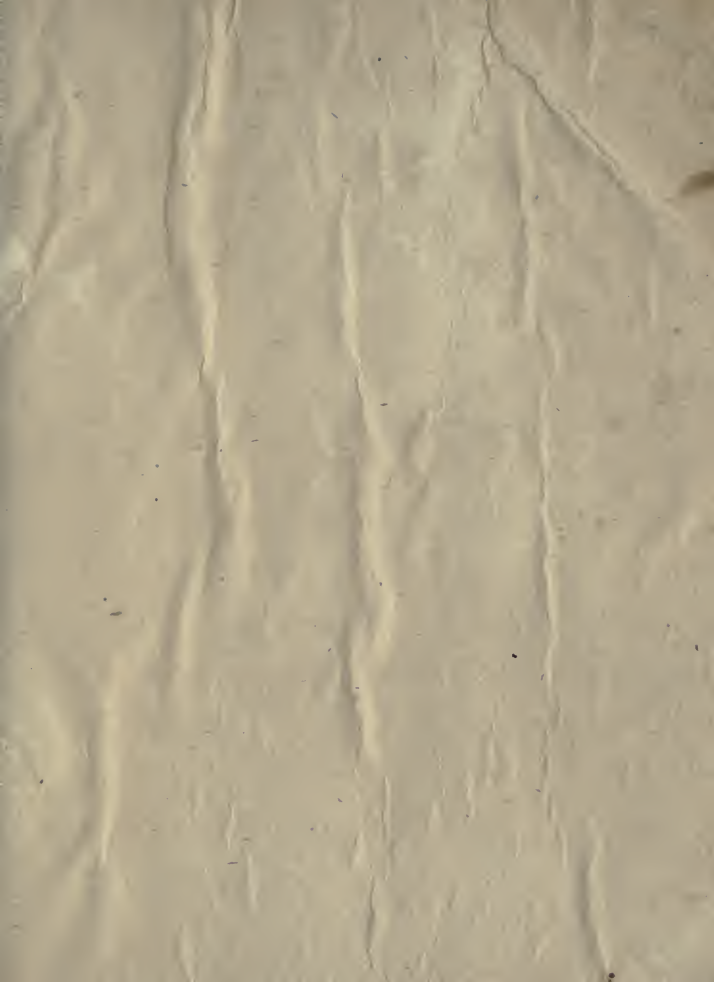
exasperation, the boys were much in the habit of building hills of snow, and sliding from them to the pond in the common. The English troops, from the mere love of tantalizing, destroyed all their labours. They complained of the injury, and industriously set about repairs. However, when they returned from school, they found the snow hills again levelled. Several of them now waited upon the British captain to inform him of the misconduct of his soldiers. No notice was taken of their complaint, and the soldiers every day grew more provokingly insolent. At last, they resolved

to call a meeting of all the largest boys in town, and wait upon General Gage, commander-in-chief the British forces. When shown into his presence, he asked, with some surprise, why so many children had called to see him. "We come, sir," said the foremost, "to claim a redress of grievances." "What! have your fathers been teaching you rebellion, and sent you here to utter it?" "Nobody sent us, sir," replied the speaker, "we have never injured or insulted your troops; but they have trodden down our snow hills, and broken the ice on our skating ground. We

complained, and they called us young rebels, and told us to help ourselves if we could. We told the captain of this, and he laughed at us. Yesterday our works were a third time destroyed, and now we will bear it no longer." General Gage looked at them with undisguised admiration, and turning to an officer who stood near him, he exclaimed, "Good heavens! the very children draw in a love of liberty with the air they breathe;"—and added, "You may go, my brave boys; and be assured that if any of my troops hereafter molest you, they shall be severely punished."

completed, and they called on George
 Ketchum, and told him to help out, if he
 could. We had the capital of the land
 he wanted as a Xanthus, and now we
 have a land that is better, and now we
 will have it no longer. General Gage
 looked at them with a suspicious eye,
 and seeing to an object who would not
 give the soldiers a good harvest, the
 very children that he had of thirty years
 the air that he had, and what? For
 me to say that you are not to be
 the one of my people, because what you
 they shall be a very good one.





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